

AROUND THE WORLD.

A MAN WHO INTENDS TO CIRCLE THE GLOBE ON A BICYCLE.

He Started from California—Having Traversed the American Continent and Europe. He Succeeded in Crossing Persia, But is Stopped at Afghanistan.

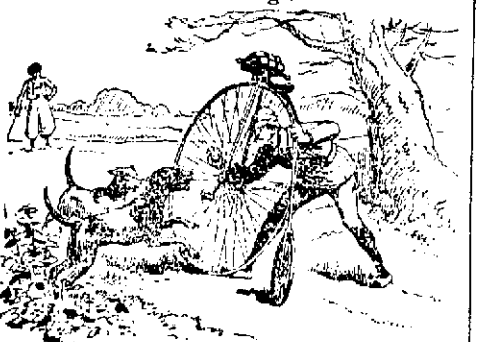
The announcement from F. H. Winston, the American minister to Persia, to Secretary Bayard that Thomas Stevens had been stopped on the frontier of Afghanistan calls attention to this intrepid traveler, who is engaged in the novel task of encircling the globe on a bicycle. He started from Oakland, Cal., on his adventurous bicycle ride across the continent. He crossed the Sierra Madre, the Great Desert and the Rockies to New York. Here he was engaged by the owner of the magazine entitled "Outing" to attempt the circuit of the globe on his wheel and supply that magazine with an account of his trip. These letters, which have been running for some time in the magazine named, prove their author to be a brilliant writer as well as daring adventurer.



THOMAS STEVENS.

Thomas Stevens is a representative Kansas ranchman, he is but 22 years of age, but almost the whole of that time has been spent on the plains west of the Mississippi. He crossed the Atlantic in April, 1885, wheeled across England, took a steamer to the French coast, mounted his wheel again, and after traversing France, Germany, Austria, the Turkish provinces and Prussia, he found himself in Meshed. Before leaving Teheran for Meshed, Mr. Stevens was careful to get permission of the Russian government to pass through the czar's dominions on his way to Peking, and after receiving such permission provided himself with sufficient Russian coin to carry him on his journey. After incurring this expense he was arrested by Russian authorities on the confines of Persia, and told he must proceed on Russian territory. His only way, then, was to pass through Afghanistan.

But on arriving there he has been obliged to turn back, because he is a born Englishman, and had not taken the precaution of becoming an American citizen. He will now have to retrace his steps toward Constantinople; from there he will seek to work his way through India, which will make the journey to Peking much longer for him. In one of his recent letters he tells of the trouble he has with an enemy which he finds everywhere in the east—the dogs.



KEEPING THE DOGS AT BAY.

The sight of my approaching figure is, of course, the signal for a general suspension of operations, and a wondering of what sort of a being I am. If I am riding along some well worn by-trail, the women and younger people invariably betray their apprehensions of my unusual appearance, and seldom fail to exhibit a disposition to flee at my approach, but the conduct of their dogs causes me not a little annoyance.

They have a noble breed of canines throughout the Angora goat country, the animals as large as Newfoundland, with a good deal of the appearance of the mastiff; and they display their hostility to my intrusion by making straight at me, evidently considering me fair game. These dogs are invaluable friends, but as enemies and assailants they are not exactly calculated to win a cyclist's esteem. My general tactics are to dismount if riding, and maneuver the machine so as to keep it between myself and my savage assailant if there be but one, and if more than one, make friends with it at them alternately, not forgetting to caress them with a handy stone whenever occasion offers.

In his last letter he describes his trials until reaching Angora, where he presents himself to the mayor of the city. Of him he says: "Suleiman Effendi appears to be remarkably intelligent, compared with many Asiatics, and, moreover, of quite a practical turn of mind; he inquires what I should do in case of a serious breakdown somewhere in the far interior, and the curiosity to see it is not a little increased by hearing that notwithstanding the extreme airiness of my strange vehicle, I have had no serious mishap on the whole journey across two continents. Alluding to the bicycle as the latest product of that western ingenuity that appears so marvelous to the Asiatic mind, he then remarks with some animation, 'the next thing we shall see will be Americans crossing over to India in balloons, and dropping down at Angora for refreshments.'"



A RACE WITH A TURKISH TROOPER.

An individual named Mustapha, a blacksmith who has acquired an enviable reputation for skill on account of the beautiful horsehoes he turns out, now presents himself and begs leave to examine the mechanism of the bicycle, and the question arises among the officers standing by, as to whether Mustapha would be able to make one; Mustapha himself thinks he could, providing he had mine always at hand to copy from.

NEW METHODIST BISHOPS

Elected to the Episcopacy of the M. E. Church, South.

At the recent general conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, south, at Richmond, Va., four bishops were elected to the episcopacy. Though some opinion may be gained of their ability from the excellent portraits which we present herewith, still it is from their record in the past that we are likely to receive the safest indications of their power for future work.

The senior among the new bishops is Bishop Key, of Georgia. He comes from a famous family of preachers. His grandfather and his father filled Methodist pulpits in Georgia, the latter having served for more than fifty years in the ministry. The newly elected bishop was born in 1820, was graduated at Emory college, Georgia, in 1848, and began his ministry in 1849. He has for thirty-seven years been actively engaged in the work of his church.

Bishop Hendrix was born at Fayette, Mo., May 17, 1847, where his father resided as treasurer of Central college, the Methodist institution of learning of which the Bishop has been president since 1877. He was graduated successively at Central college, at Wesleyan university and at Union Theological seminary in New York. In 1869 he became a member of the Missouri conference. After seven years' service in the itinerant ministry he accompanied the late Bishop Marvin on a missionary tour around the world. On his return he was elected to the presidency of Central college. He has won distinction as a preacher, as a teacher, and as an author, his volume of travels "Around the World" having gone through several editions.

Bishop Duncan, like Bishop Hendrix, was born at a Methodist institution of learning, and was a teacher at a Methodist college at the time of his election. He was born at Randolph-Macon college, Virginia, in 1839, and was graduated at W. F. W. college, South Carolina, of whose faculty his father was a member. In 1859 he returned to Virginia, and was one of the most beloved preachers in the state, until 1875, when he was elected a member of the faculty of his alma mater. Since then he has resided in South Carolina. He was a member of the Ecumenical conference held several years ago in London. Bishop Duncan, himself a preacher of more than usual eloquence, is a brother of the late Rev. James A. Duncan, who was perhaps the most eloquent preacher in the southern church.

Bishop Galloway, a native of Mississippi, is in his 57th year. He was educated at the university of his native state, and from the time of his graduation till 1882 he was in the itinerant service of his church in Mississippi, where he soon became one of the most popular and powerful preachers in his conference. He remained at his post during the epidemic of yellow fever in 1879, and suffered a severe attack of the disease. Four years ago he was elected editor of The New Orleans Christian Advocate. He has for many years been an energetic and active advocate of prohibition.

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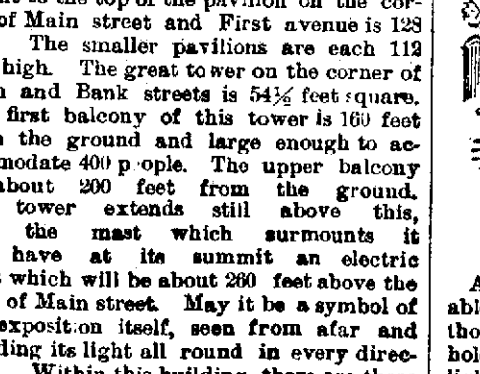
BISHOP GALLOWAY.

MINNEAPOLIS EXPOSITION BUILDING.

An Enterprise Which Illustrates the Public Spirit of Minnesota.

On the recent occasion of the laying of the corner stone of the building for a permanent exhibition at Minneapolis, President Northrup, of the State university, told of the inception, progress and aim of this enterprise in part as follows:

THE PERMANENT EXPOSITION BUILDING. Some idea of the magnitude of the proposed building and correspondingly of the exposition which it is to contain may be gained from the work already done. The front of the building are each 336 feet. The height of the building, from the ground line to the main cornice, is 80 feet, and to the top of the dome on the main entrance is 144 feet. The height to the top of the pavilion on the corner of Main street and First avenue is 128 feet. The smaller pavilions are each 112 feet high. The great tower on the corner of Main and Bank streets is 54½ feet square. The first balcony of this tower is 160 feet from the ground and large enough to accommodate 400 people. The upper balcony is about 200 feet from the ground. The tower extends still above this, and the mast which surmounts it will have at its summit an electric light which will be about 260 feet above the level of Main street. May it be a symbol of the exposition itself, seen from afar and shedding its light all round in every direction. Within this building there are three floors, and there will be more than 7½ acres of floor space for the accommodation of exhibits; and here will be gathered together and exhibited for the delight and amusement and education of the people in the bright days of a Minnesota autumn—the products of the useful and the fine arts—all that brings comfort to the body, a delight to the mind, and as most people do not do as well as they might, because they do not know what other people have done.



Augustus and his sweetheart will soon be able to see the triumphant torch of Barthold's bronze Goddess of Liberty, as she holds aloft between earth and heaven, lighting the way that the oppressed of other nations may here find home and shelter. And no matter in what part of the city's roofs Augustus and his sweetheart are located they cannot help but see the Chelsea, the largest and most magnificent apartment house in the world. Looking at it from the top of a fifth story apartment house it towers story after story above one, into the very clouds. Its windows are glowing with light, its huge walls stand up against the sky in this city of tall buildings like a great sentinel. It is so high, so large, so massive,

ROOF LIFE IN NEW YORK.

WHAT THE SUMMER BRINGS TO THE TOP IN THE METROPOLIS.

Flirtations Near the Sky—The City's Roof Gardens—Flowers, Music and Bright Lights on the Tops of Great Buildings. The Roof Sleepers.

New York, June 13.—Summer develops a new phase of life in this city—life in the clouds, as it were, otherwise roof-life. When the sun settles down behind the Jersey hills the interiors of the houses are deserted, and the roofs, as well as the streets, swarm with humanity directed of the shackles of labor and the leash of care.



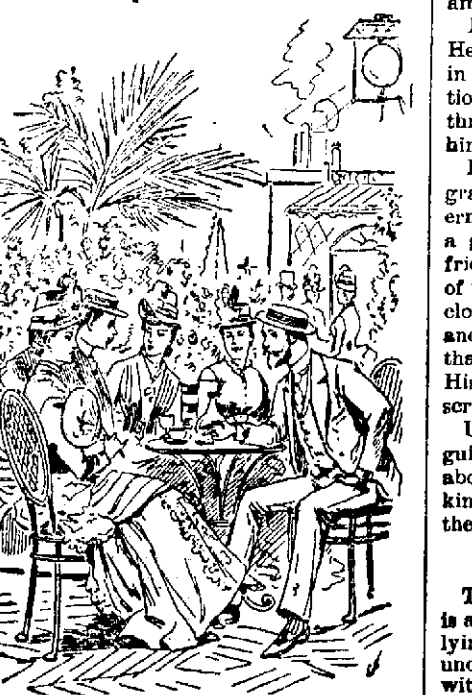
CUPID NEAR THE SKY.

The enjoyment that country people find on grass-covered lawns and wide porches, the people of New York, those who cannot seek "the real, sure-enough country," find on the flat roofs that shelter them from rain and storm. A bird's-eye view of the city in the early evening would reveal many an interesting scene, with a background of chimneys, water tanks, skylights and telegraph wires. There Cupid disports himself, for, like death, he has all places and all seasons for his own. Thither Melancholy goes to brood on her sorrows, and the solitary retire to be still more solitary. And there, too, children laugh and romp and play. As the heat of summer increases, the roofs are more and more utilized. When it is difficult to breathe inside, when canaries gasp and small dogs pant, the roof is the saving and restoring agent. Never is an evening in New York so stilling that a breath from the bay may not be caught on the roof, and the heated body gradually cooled to an endurable temperature.

Aside from the physical comfort to be found on the roofs of this great city, an exhilaration of spirit is to be had there. The attitude gives a tinge of strength and power to the most despondent. The vexations, perplexities and even the sorrows of the lower world slip away as the eye rests upon the roofs that shut them out of sight. The same feeling comes as when one stands on a high mountain and looks down into the far off valley and wonders that its affairs and events could ever have the power to hurt or please. We shall know this feeling better, I fancy, in that day when we stand on the heights of immortality and look back over the long, hard road we now call life. Perhaps we shall then smile and wonder that we ever thought the way weary and difficult. Perhaps we shall then see that we were greatly led.

The roofs of New York are the home doorways. The servants take the rugs and carpets there to be shaken. The clothes are hung there to dry. The blankets and pillows are sunned there. The domestic economy reveals itself there in various ways. In the flat buildings or apartment houses, the roof is divided off into little yards, well furnished with all appurtenances for the laundry when she reaches the point where air and sunshine are needed to finish her work of purification. Each family has its day to fill the roof space with its linen. In the evening its promiscuous capacity is free to all who want to make use of it.

Now here is a youth and his sweetheart. She lives in a cosy flat on the upper floor. Augustus and she slip away from the family, up the narrow back stairs, which in all nice apartment houses are kept as clean as a pin by the janitor and his assistants. There they sit and talk and plan, and exchange silly terms of endearment. They have something worth looking at, too, as the night comes on. The stars make a glorious illumination overhead; the moon, perchance, looks down and smiles in cold splendor, and the thousands and thousands of lights of the city sparkle and dance around them like monstrous jewels. Here and there a great white star among the countless yellow ones marks some park or great hotel with its many-angled electric light. To the west the beautiful Hudson—or North river, as New Yorkers will call it—glimmers like a sheet of flame, lighted by the boats that glide on it like great water birds, and by the lights of the two great cities and the many towns that line its banks. And the long line of beautiful white lights that stretches eastward from the southeast corner of the city. That is the great Brooklyn bridge. The waters of East river that flow beneath it are never dark. It, too, reflects the lights of two great cities, and over its wide surface, on summer evenings, boats ablaze with light and merry with music move hither and yon.



A ROOF-GARDEN PARTY.

Augustus and his sweetheart will soon be able to see the triumphant torch of Barthold's bronze Goddess of Liberty, as she holds aloft between earth and heaven, lighting the way that the oppressed of other nations may here find home and shelter. And no matter in what part of the city's roofs Augustus and his sweetheart are located they cannot help but see the Chelsea, the largest and most magnificent apartment house in the world. Looking at it from the top of a fifth story apartment house it towers story after story above one, into the very clouds. Its windows are glowing with light, its huge walls stand up against the sky in this city of tall buildings like a great sentinel. It is so high, so large, so massive,

that it might well be mistaken for some monstrous castle stuck down among several hundred smaller ones. A sight of New York from its roof at night is something long to be remembered and quite unequalled. Some of the hotels have regular roof gardens. A tiled floor is put down over the roof, flowers border the edges, chairs and tables are neatly placed there, which are regularly dusted off and set in order every evening; electric lights blaze there, and the roof garden is brighter than daylight and cooler than the seaside. Men read newspapers there, romantic girls devour novels set in nonpareil type, and ladies who have a passion for wearing out their eyes and wasting their time in fancy work combine it on the roof. Sometimes there are social games of cards played there; sometimes a very spirited discussion goes on.

All the world has heard of the Casino, with its roof garden and buffet. There, among flowers, ladies and gentlemen promenade and eat and drink to the sound of delicious music, feeling that the real city is far, far below them, too far to remember it and its cares and worries. High as the Casino's roof is, the Normandie hotel, a square south of it, is still higher. It, too, has a roof garden, but only for its guests.

Another and contrasting phase of roof life may be seen in the lower part of the city when the missummer evenings come. The poor, the very poor, who are huddled together in hot and dingy rooms, take their mattresses and pillows to the roof and sleep there. Pedestrians who come from Brooklyn on the bridge at 4 o'clock in the morning can see the roof-sleepers spread out over the miles of flat roof like corpses after a battle. The sight is almost as pathetic. They are hard workers and ought to have the decent comforts of life. Instead, they have the burden of its discomforts. The roof-sleepers of New York are a sight to make an angel weep. Occasionally a man



THE ROOF-SLEEPERS.

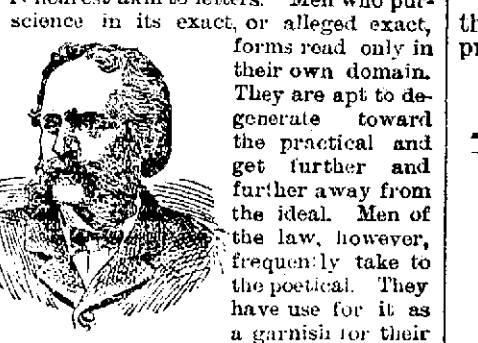
or a child, or perhaps a woman, rolls off the roof and is found the next morning with lifeless body and a broken skull. The sun wakes them, and they drag their wearied limbs below long, long, ore the prosperous world opens its eyes. They eat their poor food in some steaming little kitchen, and are off to work while the city is still held in the hush of the night. Poor as their roof lodgings are they would gladly remain there longer, but the lack of need is ever upon them, goading them into the service of toil, that they may escape the clutches of want. And so the roofs of New York do but reflect the kind of life they shelter.

GERTRUDE GARRISON.

A POET-LAWYER.

William Washburn and His Love of Letters.

[Special Correspondence.] New York, June 13.—Men of the law are sure to have literary tastes if not talents. Among the professions, next to theology, law is nearest akin to letters. Men who pursue science in its exact, or alleged exact, forms read only in their own domain. They are apt to degenerate toward the practical and get further and further away from the ideal. Men of the law, however, frequently take to the poetical. They have use for it as a garnish for their



heavy facts and ponderous opinions, and they learn to be fond of it, if not so by nature. William Washburn, whose portrait accompanies this sketch, is one of the lawyers of New York who, while in the practice of law, loves letters. He wrote a novel entitled "A Fair Harvard," when fresh from college, which made him quite famous at the time. Later he published another called "The Unknown City," said city being New York. Two volumes of poems also owe their existence to him. In truth, when it comes to poetry Mr. Washburn is at once on delectable ground. He would rather write poetry, talk poetry and read poetry than do anything else in the world. To him there is no joy equal to the construction of elaborate verse.

He is also well known as a newspaper writer. He has written some of the brightest things in John Swinton's Paper, and his contributions to the newspapers of the country, through the different syndicates, have made him known to a large circle of readers. He is a native of Marlboro, Mass., and a graduate of Harvard, yet thoroughly western in many respects. He is a good lawyer, a good talker, a good writer and a good friend, and quite good looking and also one of the best bred men in the world. He is a close student of life. He knows New York and its many interesting phases better than any man not a newspaper reporter. His stories of New York life are true transcripts from nature.

Unlike a large proportion of the rhythmic guild, Mr. Washburn is extremely modest about his achievements. He has a sunny, kindly nature, and is a great favorite with the literary people of this city. C. S. B.

The Age of Materiality Pausing.

The "new world" rediscovered by Columbus is a small affair as compared with the one lying at our very doors, and into which we unconsciously enter every night. We look with the eye of the body across our rooms, our streets, our fields, saying there is nothing between us and the walls, the house, the forest or the mountain but "empty air," when that space may be crowded with structures, with people, with the unseen copies of all we see about us.

The age for materiality to crush out spiritual truth has passed. The age wherein spiritual truth shall assert itself and rule materiality has in reality commenced. It matters not how small is the apparent nucleus or group of persons alive to these truths. A pinhole can reveal a vast landscape. The point of contact where the rope is made fast to the ship to pull her off the shoal is but a few inches wide, but that is all the space required to bring the force to bear on the vessel, and so the relative few who can now receive these truths will be the power to raise the many upward.—Fretless Mulford.

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ADAPTED TO EVERY CLIMATE OF BUILDINGS

UNLIKE ALL OTHER ROOFS

RAIN, SNOW, HAIL, FROST, STEAM, SMOKE

Sulphurous Gases.

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Corner of Tremont and Erie Streets

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—MANUFACTURER OF—

FIRST-CLASS LIGHT CARRIAGES,

Phaetons, and Spring Wagons.

My work, for durability, good material, style and finish, is not surpassed by any in the State of Ohio. None but the best of workmen employed. Practical attention given to the

REPAIRING DEPARTMENT

Blacksmithing, Repainting, etc., receive special attention. In addition to my stock, I am selling a cheaper grade of Buggies than I make, am handling the best makes of

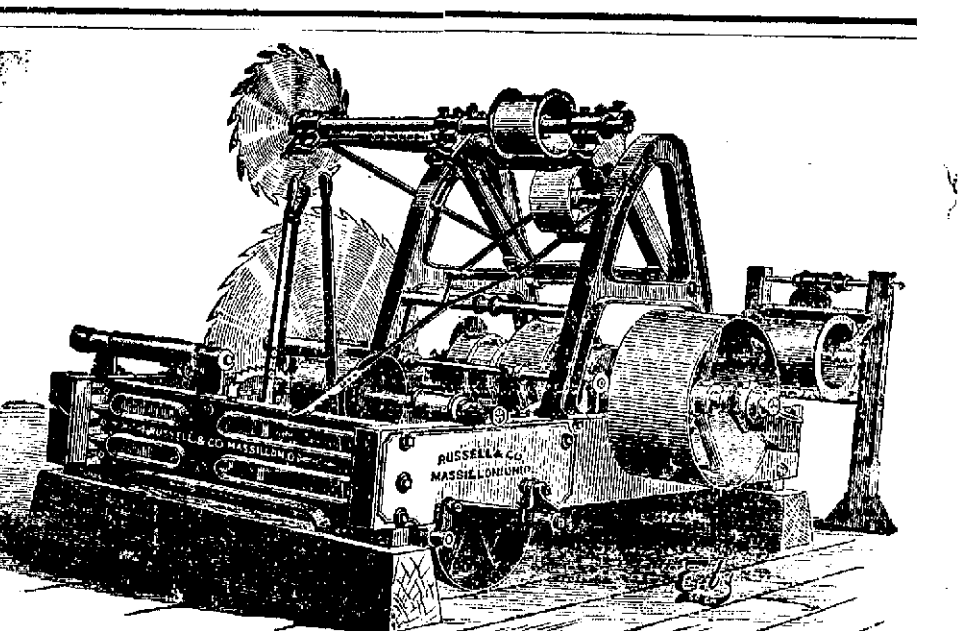
COLUMBUS BUGGIES AND PHAETONS,

in the city, which I am selling at Lower Rates than can be purchased elsewhere

Agent for the Watertown Platform Spring Wagons and Buggies,

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RUSSELL & CO.'S HEAVY DOUBLE MILL.
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The Best Mill for the Money ever offered.
Send for 1886 CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST describing our Engines, Threshers and Saw Mills.
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PILES! PILES!

I wish to inform the citizens of Massillon and vicinity that I will be at the Hotel Conrad, (formerly Park Hotel),

Massillon, Thursday, June 17th, 1886,

And every fourth Thursday thereafter, for the purpose of treating rectal diseases with the

Brinkerhoff System

Of rectal treatment. I am prepared to warrant a

POSITIVE AND PERMANENT CURE

For EVERY CASE of PILES, no matter how bad or how long standing, and without

PAIN, DANGER, OR LOSS OF TIME TO THE PATIENT.

Can also cure Fisures, Fistulas, Pruritis, (commonly called Itching Piles), and Ulcers without the use of the knife. Ulceration of the rectum is the cause of a majority of all chronic diseases with which the human family is suffering. The Brinkerhoff System is the only one that has ever cured this malady without using the knife. Send for fifty-two page pamphlet describing above diseases and their treatment.

Remember the Date. Examination Free.

DR. A. E. ELLIOTT,

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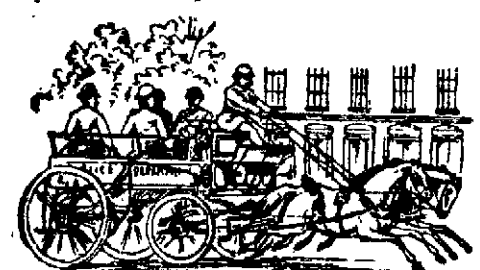
BLUE COATS ON WHEELS.

CHICAGO'S "FLYING MARIA" A TERROR TO EVILDOERS.

Great Value of the Police Telegraph and Patrol Wagon System During Riots. "The Hurry's" First Appearance in a Tough-Infested District.

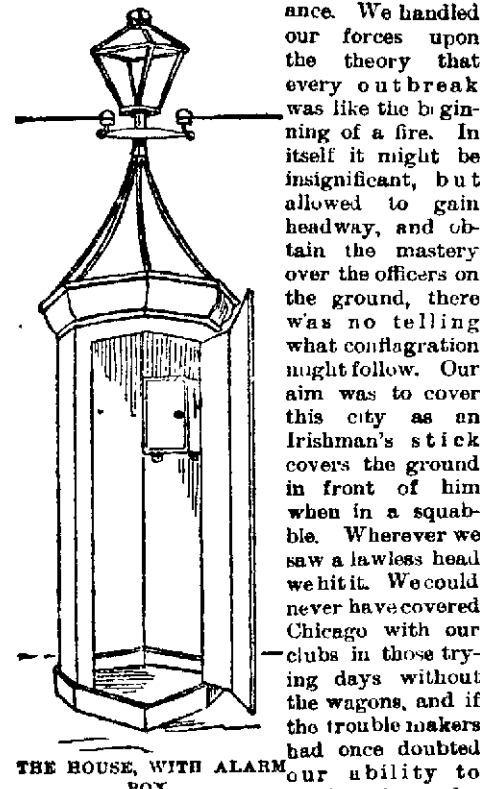
(Special Correspondence.)

CHICAGO, June 14.—"What would we do without the wagon?" Chicago's valiant police officers almost hourly asked one another during the late labor and anarchist troubles. Without the patrol wagon, they all said, the force would have lacked fully one-half of the efficiency which in the trying times made it the pride and hope of citizens and gave to the Chicago police department a world-wide fame. Without the wagons such rapid movement into districts whence the danger signal had come, such prompt mowing of men at critical moments, and such expeditious removal of the dead and wounded bomb victims in Haymarket square would have been impossible. Moreover, the moral force and general efficiency of every officer in the city was increased by the general knowledge of the lawless or idle crowds that, while only one policeman was before their eyes, hundreds more were virtually at his back, ready to spring to his assistance almost with the speed of the wind.



"THE HURRY" RESPONDING TO A CALL.

"I can safely say," remarked Chief of Police Eberstadt the other day, "that but for the patrol wagon and police telegraph system Chicago would have suffered the loss of millions of property and hundreds of lives during the late troubles. No police force that ever patrolled a city could handle such mobs as we had to deal with, and keep the destruction of property and loss of life within reasonable limits, but for the assistance of this system. Our aim was all the time to suppress every outbreak in its beginning. We never permitted a mob to get the upper hand of an officer or a squad. We maintained the dignity of the law and the supremacy of the force, even at the trouble of sending a half dozen wagons full of reinforcements to scenes of slight disturbance. We handled our forces upon the theory that every outbreak was like the beginning of a fire. In itself it might be insignificant, but allowed to gain headway, and obtain the mastery over the officers on the ground, there was no telling what conflagration might follow. Our aim was to cover this city as an Irishman's stick covers the ground in front of him when in a squabble. Wherever we saw a lawless head we went. We could never have covered Chicago with our clubs in those trying days without the wagons, and if the trouble makers had once doubted our ability to maintain order everywhere in the city, ruin would have followed immediately."



THE HOUSE, WITH ALARM BOX.

Chief Eberstadt speaks knowingly, and in his comparison of the mob danger to the danger of fire he hit upon the very fact which gave birth to the police patrol and telegraph system which has been adopted in nearly all of the large cities of the country. Ten years ago the chief of detectives was loitering for a half hour in the fire alarm telegraph office of Chicago's old city hall. He heard the ringing of the fire alarms, noted the perfection of communication between signal-boxes and engine houses, scratched his head a few minutes, and then blurted out:

"Say, Barrett, why can't we get up a thing like this for the police department?"

That was the germ of the idea—the beginning of a great work. Then there came chief of detectives—McGarigle by name—and Electrician Barrett put their heads together. Years passed, and Chicago was hard up for cash, and official jealousies were never quiet, and aldermen were always stupid. But the good idea did not die.

The toughest district in Chicago was that surrounding the Twelfth street police station. Gangs of hoodlums and thieves amused themselves by laying in ambush for their enemies, the blue coats, and frequently enjoyed the rare sport of using a policeman's star for a sharp-shooting target. Whenever a Twelfth street officer, on his midnight rounds, came upon a gang of toughs it became second nature for him to spit on his hands, take a fresh grip on his lousiest, and wonder how much of his remains would be left for his widow to weep over. When the telegraph system was started, and the start was made largely by contributions from the pockets of enthusiastic officers and by stealing wire and instruments, the first boxes were located in this region where the tough knew no law and despised its agents. The very first night a gang of roughs lay waiting in a dark alley for an officer, and intending to thump the life out of him. But the officer, suspecting the trap, quietly turned in an alarm and walked toward his foe with club uplifted. In two minutes the hoodlums sprang upon him, and were just beginning to enjoy themselves when there was a sharp clang, clang, clang, a rattle of wheels and hoofs, a cloud of blue coats, a dozen locusts swinging merrily, and before the surprised hoodlums knew what was the matter with them they were lying handcuffed in the bottom of Chicago's first patrol wagon. The new system was a success from the beginning. In six months the Twelfth street district had been cleaned out.

The wagon, which the toughs nicknamed "The Flying Maria," and finally "The Hurry," was too much for them.

"The Hurry," as it is still called in some localities in Chicago, began its work auspiciously, and good luck has been with it ever since. In the wagon on the first raid were Capt. Doyle and Eberstadt, both of whom have since risen to the honor of chief of police, and Lieut. Benfield, the famous mob fighter of the Chicago force. McGarigle, the detective who invented, or at least first suggested the system, also rose to be chief, and is now warden of the largest American hospital, that of Cook county, whether the wagon which he devised carried in 100 officers and citizens injured by the bomb of Anarchy. The fame of the new system has rapidly spread. Though only four years have elapsed since that first raid in the Twelfth street district, the patrol has been adopted in St. Louis, Cincinnati, Milwaukee, Detroit, Baltimore, Washington and a dozen other cities. Not long ago a delegation from Paris, France, was here to make an investigation of the system. Boston has just taken it in, and New York is thinking about it. What is this police patrol and telegraph system? It is a fire department for the extinguishment of crime. It is a device by which the preservers of peace patrolling their beats are placed within instant communication with their superiors, and by which the commanding officers are able to send reinforcements quickly and with full knowledge of the work to be done and the number of men needed, to any part of the field. In Chicago the system has reached its highest development. There are upon the street corners in this city 450 sentry or signal boxes to which thousands of citizens and all officers have access. The citizen's key cannot be removed until an officer arrives to release it from the trap lock, and as all keys given out are numbered and registered at headquarters there is an effective check upon trifling. Inside the sentry box is an iron box containing a telephone and electric signal dial. Only officers have keys to this inner box, but a citizen may send in an alarm by simply pulling the projecting lever. This done, he has but a few moments to wait, when his ears will be gladdened by the clang, clang of the gong with which the patrol wagon heralds its swift approach. A pull of the book summons a wagon and three officers, but by using the telephone the patrolman may summon all of the twenty wagons belonging to the department, with a dozen men in each, should the emergency require so many. The dial saves much time and trouble, for by setting the hand at the proper number the patrolman may simultaneously with the transmission of the alarm itself send information as to the character of the trouble. For a simple drum the horses drawing the wagon are not urged to breakneck speed, while in case of riot officers are picked up on the way and all possible haste made in reaching the scene of disorder.

In each patrol wagon are handcuffs, come-alongs, clubs, blankets, stretchers, canvas, ropes, etc. There is also a medicine chest, and the officers in charge of wagons have been often and so carefully lectured by the department surgeons that they are now excellent practitioners in emergency cases. These wagons are justly famous for their convenience and speed. They often travel a mile in five minutes, and in less than an hour all the wagons in the city may be massed at one point.

If the telegraph and wagon system has been found as useful in all cities where employed as in Chicago, it has already been a greater blessing to society than its fond inventors ever dreamed of. In Chicago last year the officers in charge of station houses received over the department telephones 1,600,000 reports from patrolmen on duty. The patrol wagons answered 500 alarms a week, and during the year traveled 65,000 miles.

But the system, admirable though it be, is not yet complete, even in Chicago. Had the late Haymarket riot occurred in time of usual quiet, when there were few reserve officers at the station houses, many moments must have passed before reinforcements in effective numbers could reach the scene. Each officer patrolling a beat is required to report by telephone every half hour, but in the case of the Haymarket struggle this would have been a half hour too late. Ample provision has been made for instant communication of intelligence from officers on beat to their superiors at the station houses, but there is no way in which the generals of the city army may quickly dispatch instructions to their forces scattered far and wide on picket duty. This is a serious defect, and, taking warning from the late turbulence, Chicago will soon place large bells upon her station houses, and on these bells signals will be struck in great emergencies, calling patrolmen from their beats and sending them in haste to headquarters. These bells will have a tone easily distinguishable from the fire bells, and neighborhood.

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The president's bridal chamber is the state bedroom, and I can tell you it looks different now to what it did when Mrs. Cleveland first came into it. There are more home touches, and the dressing table always has its flowers. When President Arthur was here he had his wife's picture, which hung on one of these walls, wreathed with roses every morning. Now the roses are everywhere about the room and the gardeners have done his best to make it look beautiful. There is a wide lounge, or divan, at one side of the room, and the bed is of rosewood with a great canopy of silk brocade in gold and silver above it. A rich Turkish carpet covers the floor and there are a number of easy chairs scattered about the room. Great chunks of wood lie upon the highly polished brass andirons, and the mantel is covered with a heavy velvet cloth of so t, dark red. There is a tidy on one of the arm chairs bearing the inscription in red, white and blue silk:

"God bless our country and our president."

I wonder if Mrs. Cleveland made it and whether, if she did not, she is jealous of the woman who did. Everything matches here in this room, but the toilet table looks far different now from what it did six weeks ago. It was in this room that the Prince of Wales slept when he visited this country, and if Victoria dies soon enough the bridal chamber of President Cleveland will have been the only guest chamber in the United States that has slept a king.

Miss Cleveland's old room looks out upon the Potomac, and it may be that this will in time become the president's chamber. It is one of the most beautiful rooms in the house, and its furniture is made in imitation of bamboo with joints corresponding to those of a fishing rod. The chief objection to this room is the fact that Garfield lay here while he was sick, and one might fear that his ghost would visit its future occupants.

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MRS. CLEVELAND'S HOME.

THE DOMESTIC QUARTERS OF THE GREAT WHITE HOUSE.

Gossip About Mrs. Cleveland and Her Daily Life—How and Where She Lives. The First Lady of the Land and Her Duties.

(Special Correspondence.)

WASHINGTON, June 13.—The White House seems to St. Mrs. Cleveland as though it was made for her. She is liked by the servants, is loved by Washington society, and her little ears hear nothing but praises. She and the president are very loving, and their honeymoon is passing without a cloud, as far as can be seen, in the matrimonial sky. She is greatly interested in the country home, and she finds the White House not unpleasant. The quarters of the president's wife are far different from those of the president. The public knows all about the latter. It knows very little about the former. Mrs. Cleveland is now the head of the White House, and she has the entire control of its arrangement. President Cleveland was never a man of much domestic taste. He has not been in the basement of the White House more than once since the day of his inauguration, and he never goes down to the kitchen as President Arthur did, to have a word with the cook, or to direct the getting up of his dinner. President Cleveland has confined himself strictly to his office and his bedroom, and he has spent more time in the other apartments than though the White House was a great hotel, and he was living in it.

The White House is, after all, much like a hotel. The president's family have only about one-third of it as their private quarters, and the public trod around through the remaining two-thirds at will. The house has cost about \$2,000,000 and it is a big, old-fashioned structure with lots of waste room. The ceilings of the ground floor are thirty-two feet high, and the front vestibule and hall with its glass wall and marble floor is as cold as a barn and about as dreary. A half dozen messengers are always present in it, and it looks more like an entrance to an art gallery than to the private quarters of the ruler of a great republic. The East room would make a very nice ball room but it is of no earthly good except for grand receptions, and one might as well try to make a living room of a two acre field as of it. Besides it is thrown open to visitors until 2 o'clock every day. Its chairs always stand back against the wall as though they were chained there, and the big chandeliers which light it, though they cost \$5,000 apiece, look like icicles with their hundreds of prismatic, crystal pendants, and freeze the life out of any two, three, or half dozen people assembled below them. The blue room, the green room and the red room are nice enough, but they lack the home touches of bits of bric-a-brac, tidies and a thousand and one little things which make up home comforts. They are pretty enough and grand enough, but one feels as though he ought to see that his hair was kept straight while he sits in them, and it is hard to feel comfortable amid such surroundings.

The result is that these rooms have never been home like ones, and the real home of the president is confined to the second story of the White House. Mrs. Cleveland holds his cabinet meetings where Abe Lincoln used to sleep during war times, and he has for his private office, where he receives his business callers, the oval library which Fillmore's wife arranged and which formed the reception room, I think, of Abigail Adams. The White House had not been half finished when John Adams came into it, and his wife did most of her entertaining on the second floor. The East room was a great, bare, uncarpeted place, and Mrs. Cleveland was very much amused the other day when one of the attaches of the White House told her that it was here that Mrs. Adams hung out her clothes on rainy wash days.

Col. Lamont has one of the biggest rooms in the White House. It is just over the East room, and is the one in which Abraham Lincoln used to receive his callers during the war. There are four other rooms beside these in this part of the White House which are used for offices. One of these is devoted to the bookkeeping of the presidential mansion; another has a telegraph operator, a type writer and files of the leading newspapers of the country, and a third is a big waiting room, where callers are sometimes shown who wish to see the president. All these rooms are shut off from Mrs. Cleveland. She could come into them if she wished, but she does not do so. She has been several times into the president's private office, fingering over the books in the library, and taking, now and then, one to her own room in another part of the house, but even these visits have been made when the president was alone.

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There is an elevator that leads from the first to the second story of the White House, though very few people have ever seen it. It is a small affair nicely fitted up, and Mrs. Cleveland goes up in this very often in preference to the public stairway.

The kitchen of the White House is situated on the north side. It has rooms big enough for a parlor, and its ranges are large enough to roast an ox whole. There is a big pastry table in the cook room which would do for the counter of an auction house, and the roasting utensils are of copper, and as they hang on the white walls they shine so that you can see your face looking out of them. Hickory firewood is used in the grates of the White House, and great piles of it are stacked up in the halls of the basement. It is very clean throughout, this lower part of the White House. Everything is scoured and scrubbed as though the place was presided over by a Dutch housewife, and as you look at the floors and tables you might imagine yourself to be in Holland. The stonework was whitewashed some time ago, and the whole, with its heavy columns and its massive walls several feet thick, make one think of the lower part of the Capitol building, a mile away on the hill.

There is a steam engine in this White House basement, and Mrs. Cleveland was interested when she was told that here, in this engine room, was the kitchen of Andrew Jackson. She looked at the twelve-foot fireplace, which still stands in it with its crane of iron, and she noted the mouth of the Dutch oven, in which the taking of the White House was then done.

The laundry of the White House is in the front part of the basement, and as you walk up to call upon the president, through the windows that open upwards you can, if you will glance down, see colored girls with caps on their heads ironing numerous garments, the names of which I would not like to mention here. The steward has an office down here, and so has the gardener, and there are some sleeping rooms for the servants, but the most of these board out of the house. There is a dumb waiter leading from the kitchen to the second floor.

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Mrs. Cleveland is fond of flowers, and she spends some time in the conservatory daily. The flowers used at the wedding, it they had been bought outside of the White House, would have cost several thousand dollars, and \$50 worth of flowers are used at the White House daily. In these conservatories of the White House there are about \$100,000 worth of flowers, and some of the plants are so rare and valuable as to be worth \$1,000 apiece.

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HEADACHE.

Proceeds from TORPID LIVER AND IMPURITIES OF THE STOMACH. It can be invariably cured if you will.

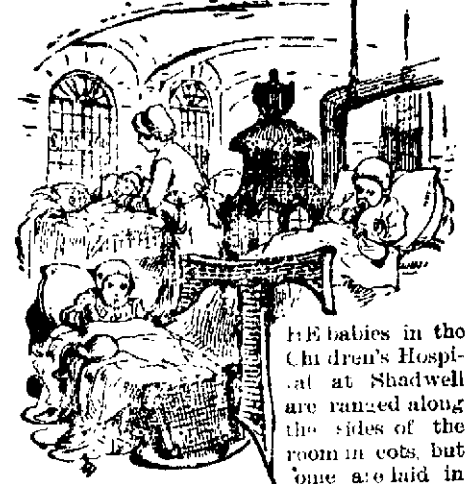
Let all who suffer remember that Sick and Nervous Headaches can be prevented by taking a dose as soon as

"SELF OR BEARER."

By WALTER BESANT.

Author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," "The Captain's Room," etc.

CHAPTER I. THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.



HE babies in the Children's Hospital at Shadwell are ranged along the sides of the room in cots, but one is laid in cradles before the open fireplace, and some are placed on top of the stove like a French dish laid to stew in a Bain-Marie, and some have spray playing upon their faces and down their throats; some are sleeping, some are sucking the bottle, and some are lying broad awake, their grave eyes staring straight before them, as if nothing that goes on outside the crib has the least interest for them. Here and there is a mother, her child in her lap; but there are not many mothers present, and about the ward all day and all night perfectly happy. When one first visits this room there happens a curious dimness to the eyes, with a choking at the throat, for thinking of the innocents suffering for the sins of their fathers and the ignorance of their mothers. Presently this feeling passes away, because one perceives that they do not suffer, and one remembers how good it must be for them to be in such a room, with pure air, neither too hot nor too cold, with the sister's careful hands to nurse them, and for the first time in their young lives a holy calm around them. To the older children, in the ward above, the quiet, the gentle ways, the tender hands and the kindly words are full of lessons which they will never forget. Why not for the infants, too?

The sister in this ward wore a gray woollen dress with a white apron, which covered the whole front of her dress, a "bib apron," a white collar, and a white cap and no cuffs, because cuffs interfere with turning up the sleeves. She was young, but grave of face, with sweet, solemn eyes, and yet a quickly-moved mouth which looked as if it could laugh on small provocation, were it not that her occupation made laughing almost impossible, because babies have no sense of humor. Her name in the world was Calista Cronan, and she was the daughter of Dr. Hyacinth Cronan, of Camden Town. As for her age, she was twenty-two, and as for her figure, her stature, her beauty and her grace, that, dear reader, matters nothing to you, because she is the next thing to a nun, and we all know that a nun's charms must never be talked about.

It was a Sunday morning—a morning in early June—when outside there was a divine silence, and even the noisy highway of the Thames was almost quiet. The sister was loitering round the cribs in her ward, all the babies having been looked after, washed, put into clean things, and made comfortable for the morning. Two or three mothers—but not many, because there are household duties for the Sunday morning—were sitting with their own babies in their laps, a thing which did not interfere with Sister Calista's catholic and universal maternity. Everything in the ward was as it should be; the temperature exactly right, the ventilation perfect, the cases satisfactory. Presently the door opened and a young man came in. As he carried no hat and began to walk about the cribs and among the babies as if they belonged to him, and as the sister went to meet him and talked earnestly with him over each baby, and as he had an air of business and duty, it is fair to suppose that this young gentleman was connected with the medical staff. He was, in fact, the resident medical officer, and his name was Hugh Aquila.

Mr. Hugh Aquila had passed through his hospital course and taken his medical degrees with as much credit as is possible for any young man of his age. Merely to belong to the profession should have been happiness enough for him, who had dreamed all his life of medical science as the one thing, of all things, worthy of man's intellect and ambition. There are, in fact, other things equally worthy, but as Hugh was going to be a medicine doctor it was good for him to believe, while he was young, that there was nothing else. So the young lunatic believes that there is nothing to worship and follow but his kind of art; and the physician considers himself as the Professor of the One Thing Nettle and Necessary—all in capital. But the fates are unequal, and one man's cup brims over while another's is empty. To this fortunate young man love had been given as well as the profession which he desired, and a measure of success and reputation—love, which so often is kept by fortune for consolation cup, and bestowed upon those who have lost the race and been overthrown and trampled on in the arena, and have got neither laurels nor praise, nor any wreath of victory, nor any golden apples. Yet this young fellow had actually and already obtained the gift of love—though he was as yet no more than five and twenty—in addition to his other gifts, graces, and prizes. Perhaps it does not seem a very great thing to be resident medical officer in a children's hospital. But if you happen to be a young man wholly devoted to your profession, and you are already in good repute with your seniors, and if you have faith in yourself and a firm belief in your own powers, and if, further, you seek great possibilities in the position for study and increase of knowledge, then you will understand that to be resident medical officer in the Children's Hospital at Shadwell may be a very great thing indeed.

When this resident medical had completed his round and finished the work which has every day to be begun again, he stood for a moment at a window looking out into the silent street below. It had been raining, and the pavements were wet, but the sun was bright again, and there were light clouds chasing across the sky. Within and without everything was very quiet.

The eyes of the young man, as he stood at the window, had a far-off look. "You look tired, Hugh," said the sister. "These two are not brother and sister. They were not even, so far as they knew, cousins. Nor had they known each other from infancy. Yet they addressed each other by their Christian names. To be sure Calista was, professionally, the universal sister. But Hugh was certainly not the universal brother. This singularity might have given rise to surmise and gossip in the ward, but for the fact that the babies took no more notice of it than if it had never occurred at all—it is a way with babies. The sister was plain-sister to all the world, and therefore so Hugh Aquila she was sister as well; but

with a difference, for to him she was sister with a small initial, because he had entered into a solemn undertaking and promise with the sacrament of vows and kisses, to marry her sister after the manner of the world—Nora Cronan, at that time private secretary to Mr. Murridge, of Finsbury circus. All mankind were Calista's brothers, and yet she called one or two of them by their Christian names. One of them was Hugh, her sister's fiancé, the other was a young gentleman who, at that moment, was actually entering the great doors of the hospital and making for the direction of the resident medical's private room.

Hugh Aquila, M. D., F. R. C. S., and L. R. C. P., was a strong, well-built young man, with big limbs and a large and capable head—a head which had been endowed with an ample stock of reasonable forethought, a firm clear-cut eyebrow, and a nose both broad, straight and long. This is rather an unusual nose. The nose which is broad and short is the humorous nose, but it generally argues a want of dignity; that which is narrow and long may belong to a most dignified person, but he is too often unsympathetic; that which is both short and narrow shows a lack of everything desirable in man. Since Hugh Aquila's nose was both broad and long, he could laugh and cry over other people's accidents and misfortunes—that is to say, he had sympathy, which is almost as valuable a quality for a young doctor as for a novelist. Such a young man, one is sure, at the very outset, will certainly make a good fight, and win a place somewhere well to the front, if not in the very front and foremost rank; it is not granted to every man to become commander-in-chief; there are a great many men, very good men indeed, who miss that supremacy, yet leave behind them a good record for courage, perseverance and tenacity. Happy is the woman who is loved by such a man!

To add one more detail, Hugh had big, strong hands, but his fingers were delicate as well as strong. This was, perhaps, because he was skilled in anatomy, and already a sure hand in operations. "Oh, Hugh," said the sister—it had been Mr. Aquila until a day or two before this—"Oh, Hugh, I have had no opportunity before of telling you how glad and happy I am for Nora's sake."

"Thank you, Calista," he replied, simply, taking her hand; "everybody is very kind to me, and it is so much the better that we spoke and settled matters before this wonderful succession."

"Yes, I think it is. Though the succession ought not to make any difference. Tell me, Hugh, is it long since you began to think of it?"

"I have been here for nearly twelve months; I had been here a week when first I saw Nora in this ward. I began to think of it, as you say—that is, to think of her then and there—my beautiful Nora. She is like you, Calista, and yet unlike. She is as good as you are, but in another way. She belongs to the world, and you—"

"She is like you, Calista."

"To my babies," said Calista, smiling. "I should have put it differently. Strange and wonderful it is, Calista, that such a girl as Nora should be able to love such a man as—"

"No, Hugh; that must not be even thought. Nora is a happy girl to win your love. I suppose it is good that you should think your mistress an angel, because it makes her better. Remember what she thinks of you, her strong and brave and clever lover, and do not be too humble. Did you see her yesterday?"

"Yes; in the evening I found time for Camden Town, and had supper with her ladyship."

Strange to say they both smiled, and then their faces broadened, and they laughed. Did you ever see a sister in a hospital laugh? She smiles often. She smiles when the patients thank her and kiss her hand; when they get lightened and talk nonsense; when they grumble and growl; when they go good, and promise to remain patient and steadfast, cloaked in the armor of righteousness; or when they go away cured and strong again, and effective in thanks; or when they come back again for the tenth time, for there are some known in hospital wards who spend as much of their lives as they possibly can in these comfortable places. But no one ever saw a sister laugh except Hugh; and the effect on the ward was incongruous, as if a cardinal should dance a hornpipe or a bishop perform a breakdown. Some of the babies felt it like a note out of harmony, and began the preliminary cough which, as every pere do, families remember, heralds the midnight bawl and the promenade about the bedroom. Calista, perhaps, received the cough as a warning; the laugh did not occur again, and, besides, to so sweet a sister everything must be allowed. Therefore the cough preliminary was not repeated, and none of the babies really began to cry.

"His lordship was present," Hugh repeated. "We had a pipe together. He sat in his robes and his coronet of course, which became him extremely—especially when he has the pipe in his mouth. Yet I doubt if he is happier. His face expressed some anxiety, as if he was uncertain about his feet in those dizzy heights, and would like to come down again and be a commoner once more. Perhaps he thinks that when behaving begins again, viscounts will have an early turn."

"Poor dear father!"

"The brass plate remains on the door unchanged—the plain H. Cronan, M. D.—and there is the red lamp with the night bell just as usual. The boy, I believe, runs about with the basket and the bottles as before; the medicines are still made up by his lordship's illustrious fingers; and he remains what the people unfeelingly call a common walker. Not even a carriage with a coronet upon it."

It was he who started the theory—dear old man! He said that of course his lordship's daughters were now entitled to look forward to the most desirable alliances possible; they would marry naturally in their own rank, which has so long been kept concealed from them. Right-minded young men, he went on, would not require to be reminded of a thing so obvious. He is, indeed, a delightful old man."

"What did Nora say?"

"She looked at her father, who laughed. As for me, I made a little speech. I said that Nora and I were above all things desirous of pleasing our parents—which is quite true, but it is so long our parents are reasonable and try to please us. But marriage is a thing, I added, which is so curiously personal in its nature that the most filial sons and daughters are bound to consider themselves first. Therefore, I said that Nora and I intended to continue our engagement, and to complete it as soon as we possibly could, even if we had to trample on all the distinctions of rank."

Calista sighed. "I wish this dreadful title had never come."

"So do I. A white elephant would have been much more useful. One might at least kill him and dissect him, and put his bones together in the back garden. I should like to have a white elephant. But what can be done with a peerage when the income remains the same, and you have got to go on dispensing your own medicines?"

"But is there nothing at all? It must be an extraordinary peerage."

"There is nothing, your father tells me."

"Then I am sure the best thing to do will be to make no difference at all, and to go on as if nothing had happened. What does Daffodil say?"

"He takes it pleasantly, after his manner, and laughs at it. In fact, no one would take it seriously if it were not for Uncle Joseph, who has got a fixed idea, which he has communicated to your mother, that every title is accompanied by a princely fortune. It appears that at the hospital there is some excitement over the event. They haven't had an honorable at the hospital for a long time, and they naturally desire to make much of the title. So they have raised his rank, and he is now Baron Daffodil, Viscount Daffodil, and even Earl Daffodil, and while we were taking our cold mutton and pickles a post card came for him addressed to the Right Honorable and Right Reverend His Grace the Duke Daffodil."

"And what does your mother say, Hugh?"

"She says everything that is kind, and something that is surprising."

And then the young man began talking about himself, and of the time, not far distant, when he would buy a practice and set up for himself, and start that partnership with Nora, and combine the serious work of a physician with love-making, which should be as blackberry jam to dry bread, or Sover's sauce to cold mutton, and should turn the gloomy doctor's house—presumably in Old Burlington street or Saville row—into a palace of enchantment.

Calista was a good listener, and she heard it all with unswerving smile and sympathetic eyes, and the young man, in his selfish happiness, accepted her sympathy and interest in his fortunes as if they were things due to him. Everybody used Calista in this fashion.

But the babies, watching their long talk, grew suspicious. They were neglected. This young gentleman, whom they knew because twice every day he bent over their cribs, was a baby. Why did the sister waste her time upon him? So great and so widespread was the uneasiness that they first began with the cough preliminary already alluded to, and then with one accord burst into that wailing which was familiar to Virgil from his acquaintance with the hospital near the Porta Navalis.

It was just what you would expect of a man that, at such a juncture, should meantly run away, and leave the babies to be wretched with the sister. This is what Hugh did.

He went to his private room, a snuggerly whither the babies could not follow him, and where he proposed to spend the short remainder of the morning in an easy chair, with a book in his hand to assist meditation on the virtues and graces of a certain young lady. He did not immediately carry out this intention, because there was a visitor occupying the one easy chair in the room.

"Why, Dick?" said Hugh. "I did not expect to see you here to-day."

"The visitor was a young man about his own age. When Hugh opened the door, he was sitting with his head bent and his face set in deep gloom. But he hastened to put on a smile—rather a weak and a watery smile.

"Oh, it will not make the least difference to me."

"There isn't any money with the title, I hear; that's right. To help a man in your profession for his wife to have a handle to her name, even if it is only as honorable as I'd make it help me, I know; if I was a physician, I'd get money out of it somehow. It's the only thing in the world worth getting or having. Title! What's a title worth an income? But if I had the title I'd soon get the income."

"I believe you would, Dick," Hugh replied, quietly.

These two young men had been at school together. Of the old school days there remained the use of the Christian name. When they were quite young they may have had the same thoughts and the like ambitions. But their paths from the beginning diverged, and now they were so wide apart that they looked in opposite directions; one to the sunny south and one to the bleak north. One looked downward and the other upward. One saw a bright and sunny picture, with wonderful and unvarying effects of light and color, and the other saw only a gray and fog-laden landscape, with a bit of lurid sky; one saw men and women noble, erect and god-like; the other saw men and women creeping, sneaking, backbiting, flinging and treacherous. One longed to give, and the other only lived that he might grab.

Hugh thought he had never seen his former friend more morose and grumpy. This dark and gloomy creature, to want his bright and clever Nora! His cheek flamed at the very thought.

They stood in silence for a while, each expecting that the other would say something. Then Dick asked if Calista was in her ward, and learning that he would find her there he went away.

"There is something," said the young doctor, "not quite right with Dick. He can't have taken to drink. Yet there was a look as of drink—unsteadiness in his hands and eyes, no purpose in his movements, want of will in his manner. There is something very queer about Dick Murridge."

The young doctor drew two letters from his pocket and fell to reading them. That is to say, he read them eagerly and yet slowly, as if he wanted to read every word. Nobody shall know what was in the first letter, except that it was signed "Nora," with some very sweet words; preceding the signature. He sat with this letter in his hands for a while, meditating on the charms and graces of the writer. Then he put it back into his pocketbook, and read the other letter, which was from his mother.

"My dearest son," she said, "I am quite ready to believe that your mistress is everything that you believe her to be, as good, and as sweet, and as beautiful. I pray that you may have as good a wife as you deserve, and that is saying a great deal. Will you please give Nora my love, and tell her I am looking forward with the greatest eagerness to seeing her and getting to know her? As regards your plan and manner of living, I quite approve of your ambition to become a successful physician. It is fortunate that you are the son of a successful singer, my dear boy. You will find no difficulty in making the attempt. As for my money, it was made for you, and is all your own, if you want it all. There is, however, a great surprise for me in your letter, apart from the news of your engagement, which ought not to be a surprise to a mother. It is the surname and the Christian name of your fiancée. Is she one of the Cronan family? In that case her Christian name is easily accounted for. There should be also a Calista in the family, and her father's Christian name should be Hyacinth. They should also be poor, which I suppose is the case with them, because you tell me her father is a general practitioner in Camden Town. Tell me, when you write next, about their family, which concerns you in a very strange manner. But of this I will tell you when we meet. I hope to see you and Nora—next month. But do not forget to answer this question—Is her father's Christian name Hyacinth? Your affectionate

"MOTHER."

"Well, his name is certainly Hyacinth; and there is a Calista in the family. And they are the Cronan family. I wonder what the matter means? After all, she will tell me in her own time."

He laid his head back, and closed his eyes. He had been up half the night with a bad case, and he fell asleep instantaneously, and slept till they brought him his early dinner.

There certainly was something very queer with the other young man, and he was going to Calista in order to tell her so. He had been accustomed for a great many years to make Calista that kind of half-confidential who shares all the woes, bears nothing of their cause, and is forgotten when things run smoothly. Persons like Calista always have plenty of friends, who make use of their sympathies when trouble has to be faced.

"Calista," he said, dropping into a chair, "I wish I was dead!"

"Do you, Dick? You said the same thing about two months ago, when I saw you last, yet I heard afterwards that you were cheerful."

"I wish I was dead now, then."

"What has happened? What is the matter?"

"I didn't say anything had happened, I said 'I wish I was dead.'"

"Is that all you have come to tell me?"

from a room are the same who curl their lips as well as their locks, and knit a brow as easily as a stocking, and flash flames from their eyes as well as from a Lucifer match. But good dancing requires a narrow stage, or, at least, close proximity to the door. At the Adelphi, before the villain flings, it may be observed that he carefully edges up close to the door. Now, the ward was a long room, and Dick's fling became, before he reached the doorhandle, an ignoble stride, which was rendered only partially efficient by his hanging the door after him so that all the babies jumped.



"It's all her own fault, whatever happens."

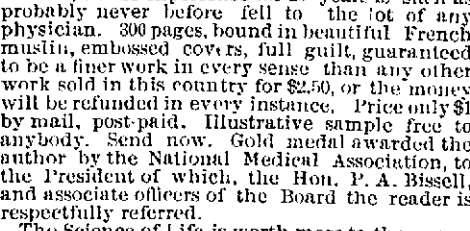
"Something," said Calista, in the same words as those of the resident medical, "something is certainly wrong with Dick. And he is trying to set himself right by laying the blame on Nora. What can it be? And what can he mean by his vague threats?"

She tried to dismiss the subject from her mind. A man does not try to injure a girl because she has refused him. Yet she was uneasy; and in the afternoon, when Nora came to the hospital, and Hugh made love to her before Calista's eyes, Dick's gloomy words kept repeating themselves in her brain.

"It is all her fault, whatever happens."

[To be Continued.]

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March 10, 1886.

F. D. REED, GOSPIP.

Reed, the Leader of the House.

WASHINGTON, June 13.—While the face of Mr. Reed, of Maine, is far from being expressionless, it conveys little hint of the keenness of his wit and nimbleness of his brain. It is a big, round, smooth, moon-like face, under a white dome of cranium, and there is in it a suggestion of heaviness and immaturity and of worldly innocence. But when that countenance, with its round, prominent eyes, looks upon the Republican side, and faces across the aisle, there is an uneasy flutter on the other side and a disposition to dodge the expected shot.

The Democrats fear him in debate more than any other Republican, and in the reporters' gallery the admiration for Reed is unbounded, and his bright things, quaint conceits and pat illustrations are current among the correspondents.

Occasionally, in the early part of a session, a young member will boldly confront Mr. Reed, who will let his eyes rest upon him with a benign expression of fatherly concern, encourage him until the fresh member feels that Mr. Reed isn't much of a man after all, and then mildly but suddenly crush his presumptuous opponent in some odd and ridiculous figure that makes the members and the gallery shout with laughter.

Whenever Mr. Springer gets upon his feet Mr. Reed is wide awake. He starts up like a hunter at the sound of the horn, and glows like a big bear over a bee-hive. To worry Springer is the keenest enjoyment Mr. Reed knows. He revels in Springer. He baits him and pricks him with bandillo darts, and shakes little red flags at him until the gentleman from Illinois gets fairly wild, and goes dancing about, pounding and gesticulating. If anybody else presumes to bother Mr. Springer, Mr. Reed comes to his aid at once, and fiercely attacks his opponent. He reserves Springer to himself, and will endure no poaching on his premises.

In the present condition of the Democratic side Mr. Reed is as happy as a boy at a clambake.

The Democrats are disorganized and split up, and Mr. Reed is all the time either benevolently assisting one of the factions against the other, or holding them both up to ridicule, or arraigning them in scorching eloquence.

The lack of a popular Administration, about whose policy all could rally, or through which a ground of compromise could be reached and comparative harmony be secured, renders the demoralization greater.

The endeavors of Mr. Holman to cut down every appropriation, in accordance with the policy of making the Senate responsible for the heavy increase, are defeated by the Morrison men voting with the Republicans, amid the laughter of both sides. Of course when the tariff bill comes up it will not be productive of any additional harmony among the Democrats.

It is this condition which gives such a man as Reed his best opportunity. Saturday he took advantage of it to condescend with his Democratic brethren on their split-up condition, but encouraged them with the intimation that so long as they are split in two factions one of them may be right, which is better than for all to be wrong, as is the case when the party is united; he added further encouragement by the assurance that all the lower organizations of life multiply and fructify by splitting up. After giving them this pleasant consolation, he kindly interceded to mend another little Democratic difference. Mr. Tanbee had spoken of Assistant Secretary Smith as "that man Smith." Mr. Beach resented this on behalf of the Assistant Secretary as rude and disrespectful, and Mr. Reed suggested to Mr. Tanbee that he withdraw the word Smith.

Then Mr. Reed turned his attention to big, burly Mr. Reagan, whose stumbling manner in debate always suggests the old simile of a blind horse among mill logs, and, after pleasantly prodding him till he had the Texas member floundering about, he drew from him the hot declaration that he had not mentioned the constitution during the day, when Mr. Reed exclaimed that that made the day the most memorable in the history of the House, amid such roars of laughter as drowned out the angry ejaculations of Mr. Reagan, and changed the speech to a pantomime.

When these little amenities of eloquence and felicities of speech are in progress Mr. Reed's face fairly shines with pleasure, and the more sickly becomes the character of the laughter upon the other side the more exceedingly polite and benevolent and attentive he becomes.

What They Say of John McBride.

There is so much talk going the rounds about a Secretary of State for the Democrats that I talked with a number of the apostles of Jefferson here to-day. One was a man who has worked at mining coal almost in sight of Coshocton town, and has worked himself up to a position of influence among his fellow-men by his industry and by reading everything he got hold of, and mak-

ing a study of public matters.

"John McBride, the member from Stark county, is oftentimes spoken of for Secretary of State," I remarked to him:

"I don't want you to quote my name, but McBride won't do. He poses as the champion of the laboring man, but he don't rank with them as the people suppose. I consider him a demagogue and do not think he can be classed as a good Democrat. The Democratic workingmen of the State want to know what McBride meant by sneaking away and failing to report on the investigation of the alleged Cincinnati frauds. If the charges were true, why didn't he sign the majority report? If they were not, he should have made his majority report, saying they were not, and sent it in and stood by it like a man of nerve. I am not in favor of McBride, by any means."

"Who would you suggest?" "There are men in this district who would honor the ticket. There's Jerry Sullivan, of Holmes county, that would make a good race; so could George Crites, of Tuscarawas. Tom Exworthy, the City Treasurer of Cleveland, would be a splendid man; and, getting down in your part of the country, there's Ollie Butterfield, who can scrape up as many warm personal friends as any man in the State. He would be doubly strong for a number of reasons, and chief among them is the fact that he was bounced in favor of Bob Harlan, when there was no earthly doubt of his election."

This man may have an ax to grind, but his opinion comes in pat with the gossip of the day.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

He Fair Gentlemen.

There seems to have been considerable misunderstanding concerning the status of the rewards offered for the arrest and conviction of the horse thieves, Landis and Bartholomew. When the officers of Stark county were here last week they understood that upon the conviction of Landis they would receive \$200 from this county. As Mr. Hunt and his neighbors were instrumental in the recovery of his own horse and the arrest of "Grasshopper Jake," no reward was paid. The case as it now stands is this: In January, when the Hunt and Lantz horses were stolen, the Commissioners offered a reward of \$300 for the arrest and conviction of said thieves. This reward related exclusively to those horses. In February, after the Mowers horses were stolen, the Commissioners met again and offered a standing reward of \$200 for the arrest and conviction of all persons charged with stealing horses. This related to all horses stolen in the future. The association of farmers, organized at the same time, also offered a reward of \$200 for the arrest and conviction of any horse thief, but this also was after the Mowers horses were taken and this reward was intended to apply to thefts committed thereafter. It looks as though the officers of Stark county would get nothing but what the Commissioners choose to give them.—Mansfield Shield and Banner.

John McBride.

The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette says:

There is talk of the Democrats playing the Knights of Labor racket by nominating Representative John McBride, of Stark county, as their candidate for Secretary of State. McBride is not a very valiant Knight. He set the example to his colleagues in the Senate to run away. When the report of the Hamilton county Investigating Committee was called in the House it was found that McBride, who was a member of the committee, had vanished. He was afraid to face the music. We suggest that Van Cleef would make an appropriate candidate; or perhaps little Johnny Brashears would even do better, as he was the first one to advise Senator O'Neill to pitch Bob Kennedy off his throne, and afterward, so it is said, conceived the wonderful strategic movement of skedaddling off to Kentucky and Tennessee.

SALOONISTS OUTWITTED.
A Case to Test the Dow Law Already Before the Supreme Court.
COLUMBUS, O., June 9.—The saloon men of the State are left in the lurch on their case to test the validity of the Dow liquor law. While they have been fooling around holding conventions, resolving upon what legal luminaries should be employed, and raising the necessary \$10,000 to fight the law with, a test case was filed to-day. It was begun on Monday in the Common Pleas Court, decided and certified to the Circuit Court, where it was decided on Tuesday and certified to the Supreme Court, where it has been filed. Strange to say no Cincinnati newspaper knew its importance. The case is a petition in error to the judgment of the Circuit Court of Hamilton county of Mary Anderson vs. the Auditor, and the Treasurer of Hamilton county. The suit is brought by a property holder on whose premises a saloon is carried on to enjoin the sale of liquor and remove the cloud from the title, the law being claimed to be unconstitutional. The judgment in the Common Pleas and Circuit Courts sustained the defendant's demurrer and dismissed petition, thus sustaining the law. This case tests the constitutionality of the Dow law, and a motion will be made to-morrow to take it out of its order. It is probable that the final hearing will be set for some time next week. If the saloon men intend to have their attorneys take part in the case they had better hurry up with the money, for it is understood they will be without cash. An effort will be made to have a decision before the penalty attaches under the law.

HOW IT WAS DONE.

The Balloon Ascent of Saturday Afternoon.

A big crowd from the surrounding country Saturday, Canton, Alliance, Navarre, Fulton and the smaller towns being represented, to see the balloon ascension by Prof. J. W. Clark, which came off just as was advertised by the managers, Beardsley & Shem. The start was made from the Canal street dock at 4 o'clock, and it shot quickly 1,200 feet into the air. Not a breath of air was stirring, so the balloon seemed to stand perfectly still, to the disappointment of the crowd. The estimates as to the height reached were amazing, ranging from 200 to 5,000 feet. Clark places it at 1,250 and says it would have been 3,000 feet had the air above been warm and dry. The descent was more rapid than the ascent and much more exciting. It hung right over Main street, which at the time was a mass of people and horses. As it settled, there was a rush for the spot where it was supposed that it would light, and the horses in the neighborhood all took fright at the monster coming toward them. The crowd was so dense that they were prevented from running away, but they plunged and reared until everything was over. Clark came very near being landed in the network of telegraph and telephone wires in front of the Hotel Conrad and might have been severely injured had his skill not been sufficient to give his balloon a jerk which brought it out of the reach of danger, completely enveloping a horse hitched to a post near by, instead. The animal's head and shoulders were enclosed in its mouth, almost suffocating it before the balloon could be cut off. The ascension was a success and would have been even more interesting had the conditions been different.

Prohibition State Convention for 1886.

HEADQUARTERS PROHIBITION STATE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.
The State Convention of the Prohibition party will be held in the city of Canton, on Wednesday and Thursday, July 28 and 29, commencing at 2 p. m. on the first day for preliminary business, appointment of committees, etc.

Candidates will be nominated for Secretary of State, Commissioner of Schools, Member Board of Public Works, Judge of the Supreme Court, Clerk of the Supreme Court.

The basis of representation will be one delegate for each fifty votes for Leonard and for each major fraction of fifty, but no county to have less than two delegates.

The several counties will be entitled to representatives in said convention as follows:

Adams, 3; Allen, 5; Ashland, 5; Ashtabula, 15; Athens, 6; Auglaize, 2; Belmont, 7; Brown, 7; Butler, 6; Carroll, 5; Champaign, 6; Clark, 20; Clermont, 7; Clinton, 5; Columbia, 9; Coshocton, 3; Crawford, 6; Cuyahoga, 25; Darke, 6; DeKalb, 6; Delaware, 12; Erie, 3; Fairfield, 5; Fayette, 6; Franklin, 12; Fulton, 8; Gallia, 2; Geauga, 6; Greene, 6; Guernsey, 12; Hamilton, 28; Hancock, 6; Hardin, 8; Harrison, 7; Henry, 6; Highland, 6; Hocking, 2; Holmes, 3; Huron, 3; Jackson, 3; Jefferson, 7; Knox, 7; Lake, 4; Lawrence, 2; Licking, 7; Logan, 7; Lorain, 8; Lucas, 10; Madison, 6; Mahoning, 12; Marion, 5; Medina, 6; Meigs, 6; Mercer, 2; Miami, 15; Monroe, 2; Montgomery, 6; Morgan, 4; Morrow, 7; Muskingum, 3; Noble, 3; Ottawa, 5; Paulding, 3; Perry, 3; Pickaway, 3; Pike, 2; Portage, 3; Preble, 3; Putnam, 3; Richmond, 7; Ross, 4; Sandusky, 4; Scioto, 3; Seneca, 3; Shelby, 3; Stark, 12; Summit, 13; Tumbull, 13; Tuscarawas, 10; Union, 3; Van Wert, 3; Vinton, 2; Warren, 3; Washington, 4; Wayne, 13; Williams, 3; Wood, 3; Wyandot, 3.

R. S. THOMPSON, Chairman Pro. State Central Com.

WILBUR COLVIN, Secretary.

Excursion Rates for Fourth of July, 1886.

The Pennsylvania Company will sell cheap excursion tickets to and from all stations on the various lines operated by it, on July 3, 4, and 5, good to return July 6, inclusive.

This will be an excellent opportunity for the people living along its numerous lines to visit friends at a distance, and to form picnic or excursion parties for the purpose of enjoying the nation's birthday.

Out and About.

The Salvation Army will establish a post at Findlay.

Clyde has twenty passenger trains passing through it daily.

There were 116 deaths in Cincinnati during the week ended Saturday.

Frank Brown of Bellefontaine, aged 12, was drowned while bathing.

Mattie Irvine, a woman of bad character, was killed in a runaway at Piqua.

Minerva has accepted the waterworks built for that village by a Pittsburgh firm.

The Knights of Labor has nearly ninety members in New Lisbon. They are growing every day in strength.

The Ohio State Teachers' Association will hold their annual meeting at Chautauque June 29 and 30, and July 1.

The Kopps Machine works will be offered for sale by the Sheriff, on Saturday, June 19th.—Orrville Crescent.

Ohio is likely to borrow \$300,000 at 3 1/2 per cent. interest. Its financial is better than its political credit, anyway.—Boston Advertiser.

Wooster continues to talk railroad, but the subject is a hobby with them and no one pays attention to the chatter.—Orrville Crescent.

The case of Landis, the horse thief, has been continued. Failing to give the required bond of \$3,000, Landis languishes in the county jail.—Mansfield Shield and Banner.

ORRVILLE, O., June 13.—John McGrover, aged forty-five, was instantly killed yesterday while at work in Fox Lake coal mine, about six miles east of this place. He had just commenced work and was bearing under some coal when about two tons fell, under which he was buried. He was extricated in a few minutes, but life was extinct, his skull being crushed. His remains were removed to his home at Lawrence, where he leaves a wife and three children in moderate circumstances.—Leader.

In America there are only two monasteries maintained by the Trappist monks, and no monastic Order has a more singular history or follows more rigid customs. One of these monasteries, in which the vow of perpetual silence is enjoined, is located at Dubuque, Ia., and the sec-

ond is in Nelson county, Ky., a short distance from Louisville. This second is called the monastery of Gethsemane, and is the subject of a magazine article by Morton M. Caudsey. The article, well illustrated, will appear in the Southwestern Bi-monthly for July.

The Ohio State Journal gives the following reliable estimate of the result of the recent readjustment of the Congressional districts: "Under the apportionment as restored to the act of 1882, the Republicans will likely carry the First, Second, Third, Seventh, Eighth, Ninth, Eleventh, Twelfth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth, Seventeenth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Twentieth and Twenty-first districts, and the Democrats the Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Tenth, Thirteenth and sixteenth districts, which would make the next Ohio delegation stand fifteen Republicans to six Democrats, but the Sixth, Tenth and Thirteenth districts can be counted as doubtful this year, making a possible delegation of eighteen to three."

Undigested Food.
In the stomach develops an acid which stings the upper part of the throat and palate, causing "heartburn." It also evolves a gas which produces wind on the stomach, and a feeling and appearance of distension in that organ after eating. For both this acidity and swelling flatulence, both of which are a much better remedy than all salines, is the harbinger and harbinger of soda. A whetstone of the Butters, after of before dinner, will be found to act as a reliable carminative and preventive. This fine specific for dyspepsia, both its acute and chronic form, also prevents and cures malarial fever, indigestion, liver complaint, kidney troubles, nervousness and debility. Persons who observe in themselves a undue vigor should use this fine tonic without delay.

Chionanthus Compound.
Is certainly the most effective remedy for the Liver, Kidneys and Blood which has ever come before the people. It is growing into favor rapidly, as we expected it would. One person using it tells neighbors of its prompt curative action. It therefore requires less advertising than any remedy in the market. It cures all conditions dependent upon a disordered state of the Liver, Kidneys, or Blood. Such a Jaundice, Torpid and inactive Liver derangements of the Kidneys Eruptions on the Skin, Pimples on the face, Boils, Scald-Head of children, Excoriations of infants, etc. The medicine is pleasant to take, and contains the best Liver and Blood purifying properties known. A physician who has prescribed it many years, says he never had any medicine which gave such satisfaction. Price 50 cents per bottle. For sale by druggists and at country stores.

An Enterprising, Reliable House.
Z. T. Baltzy can always be relied upon, not only to carry in stock the best of everything, but to secure the Agency for such articles as have well known merit, and are popular with the people, thereby sustaining the reputation of being always enterprising, and ever reliable. Having secured the Agency for the celebrated Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, will sell it on a positive guarantee. It will surely cure any and every affection of the lungs and chest, and to show our confidence we invite you to call and get a Trial Bottle Free.

These are Solid Facts.
The best blood purifier and system regulator ever placed within reach of suffering humanity, truly is Electric Bitters. It cures of the Liver, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Weak Kidneys, or any disease of the urinary organs, or whatever requires an appetizer, tonic or mild stimulant will always find Electric Bitters the best and the only certain cure known. They act surely and quickly, every bottle guaranteed to give entire satisfaction or money refunded. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by Z. T. Baltzy.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.
The greatest medical wonder of the world. Warranted to speedily cure Burns, Bruises, Cuts, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Cancers, Piles, Chilblains, Corns, Tetters, Chapped Hands, and all skin eruptions, guaranteed to cure in every instance, or money refunded. 25 cents per box. For sale by Z. T. Baltzy, Mar 23, 83, 1y

A Card
To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a receipt that will cure. DR. J. C. CHARGE, of this city, has discovered by a mysterious cure, South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. Joseph T. Heman, Station B, New York City. oct20-1y

Itch of every kind cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Use no other. This never fails. Sold by J. M. Schuckers, Druggist, Massillon, 37-4m

ROYER'S GERMAN SPECIFIC cures Diarrhea, Cholera, Cholera Morbus and Cramp in the Stomach and Bowels. For old or young, pleasant to take. Price 25c. For sale by druggists and at country stores.

J. E. Jackson, Dear Sir: I was afflicted very badly for years with kidney disease. I used two bottles of your medicine—Burdick's Kidney Cure. This acts at once and should be known to all sufferers. Thomas McClure, Unionville, N. J. Price, 75 cents and \$1.25. Sample free. For sale by J. M. Shuckers. Also ask for a free sample bottle of Magnus Bonum. J. E. Jackson's Cough Syrup free to all. Large size 25 cents. 45tf

NERVE-LIFE AND VIGOR restored in men and women by using Gilmore's Aromatic Wine. Sold by druggists.

DR. PRELAND, of the M. E. Church, says that two bottles of Gilmore's Aromatic Wine cured his wife of Nervous Debility and Sleeplessness. Sold by druggists.

MIDDLE-AGED MEN who lack vigor and vitality can be cured by Gilmore's Aromatic Wine. Sold by druggists.

JAMES SULLIVAN of Salem, Oregon, says he was cured of the Asthma by Gilmore's Magnific Elixir. Sold by druggists.

THE WIFE, MOTHER AND MAID who suffer from Female Weakness, will find Gilmore's Aromatic Wine a positive Cure. Sold by druggists.

ANSON ROUGH, of Blackberry, Ill., says he owes his life to Gilmore's Magnific Elixir. Try it. Sold by druggists.

MR. A. HIGGINS, of Wyoming, N. Y., says he had the Piles for nearly 40 years, and was cured by using Gilmore's Pile Specific. Sold by druggists.

WHY WILL YOU SUFFER from Ague and Malaria when Gilmore's Aromatic Wine will cure you? Sold by druggists.

GILMORE'S NEURALGIA CURE is a positive cure for Neuralgia in the face, side and stomach. Sold by druggists.

JOHN H. YATES, of Batavia, N. Y., says: "I cheerfully commend your AROMATIC WINE; It did new life and vigor send. Through this weak frame of mine, It did for all my stomach ills. More than the doctor and his pills. Sold by druggists. 45-lyeow

WE WARRANT Gilmore's Magnific Elixir to relieve the Asthma in one minute. Sold by druggists. 45-lyeow

A Novel Feature in Investments.

The whole country after having undergone a period of depression is now asking itself, what business has least been affected and uninjured?

Such a business, industry or corporation, that can make a better showing now than before the crisis attracts the attention of capital, merits the confidence of investors and is being eagerly sought for.

There is such a business, and it has heretofore been monopolized by English and Scotch capital until some three hundred millions have been invested in the ranch and cattle business of this great country.

Formost amongst the strongest, richest and most successful American Companies stand the United States Land and Investment Company, 145 Broadway, New York, which is now offering \$500,000 first mortgage 6 per cent. 10 year bonds, for subscription at 90 cash, or at par, upon a novel installment feature which appeals to the farmer as well as the banker, the clerk and mechanic as well as the millionaire, and to all who desire to invest their savings at better rates of interest than any bank will allow.

The company issues certificates of indebtedness in one and five dollars, each representing an installment, and when the investor has purchased \$50 of these certificates he becomes entitled to a \$100 gold bond, first mortgage, bearing 6 per cent. interest, which he can obtain upon presenting his certificates or forwarding them by letter to the company's office, at 145 Broadway, New York.

The remaining \$50 due on the bond being payable to the company in monthly installments not exceeding \$5.

The bond commences to draw interest on delivery, the same as if fully paid. In addition to which the company gives as a bonus, fee, one fully paid up share of stock of the value of \$25.

Those desiring to buy their bonds outright for cash can do so at 10 per cent. discount in \$100, \$500 or \$1,000 bonds and receive one five or ten shares of stock free. The bonds are secured by property owned absolutely by the company, estimated to be worth \$3,000,000, and this money received from sale of bonds will be invested in cattle, the income from which it is estimated will yield 30 per cent. upon the stock after paying 6 per cent. on the bonds.

Applications are being forwarded in great numbers daily, and all those who desire to subscribe should send at once for prospectuses and full information to the United States Land and Investment Company, 145 Broadway, New York.—The N. Y. Financialist.

C. L. & W. Railway.

Condensed Time Table of Passenger Trains. In effect May 30, 1886, until further notice. New Standard—90 Meridian time which is 28 minutes slower than Columbus time.

GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.	No. 1.	No. 3.	No. 5.	Accom.
London.....	6:55am	4:15pm		4:00am
Shelby.....	7:05	4:25		4:10
Ellettsville.....	7:15	4:35		4:20
Patterson.....	7:25	4:45		4:30
Grafton.....	7:30	4:50		4:35
Cleveland.....	7:40	5:00		4:45
Grafton.....	8:05	5:25		5:10
Ellettsville.....	8:15	5:35		5:20
Shelby.....	8:25	5:45		5:30
Patterson.....	8:35	5:55		5:40
Grafton.....	8:45	6:05		5:50
Cleveland.....	8:55	6:15		6:00
Grafton.....	9:10	6:30		6:15
Ellettsville.....	9:20	6:40		6:25
Shelby.....	9:30	6:50		6:35
Patterson.....	9:40	7:00		6:45
Grafton.....	9:50	7:10		6:55
Cleveland.....	10:00	7:20		7:05
Grafton.....	10:15	7:35		7:20
Ellettsville.....	10:25	7:45		7:30
Shelby.....	10:35	7:55		7:40
Patterson.....	10:45	8:05		7:50
Grafton.....	10:55	8:15		8:00
Cleveland.....	11:05	8:25		8:10
Grafton.....	11:20	8:40		8:25
Ellettsville.....	11:30	8:50		8:35
Shelby.....	11:40	9:00		8:45
Patterson.....	11:50	9:10		8:55
Grafton.....	12:00	9:20		9:05
Cleveland.....	12:10	9:30		9:15
Grafton.....	12:25	9:45		9:30
Ellettsville.....	12:35	9:55		9:40
Shelby.....	12:45	10:05		9:50
Patterson.....	12:55	10:15		10:00
Grafton.....	1:05	10:25		10:10
Cleveland.....	1:15	10:35		10:20
Grafton.....	1:30	10:50		10:35
Ellettsville.....	1:40	11:00		10:45
Shelby.....	1:50	11:10		10:55
Patterson.....	2:00	11:20		11:05
Grafton.....	2:10	11:30		11:15
Cleveland.....	2:20	11:40		11:25
Grafton.....	2:35	11:55		11:40
Ellettsville.....	2:45	12:05		11:50
Shelby.....	2:55	12:15		12:00
Patterson.....	3:05	12:25		12:10
Grafton.....	3:15	12:35		12:20
Cleveland.....	3:25	12:45		12:30
Grafton.....	3:40	1:00		12:45
Ellettsville.....	3:50	1:10		12:55
Shelby.....	4:00	1:20		1:05
Patterson.....	4:10	1:30		1:15
Grafton.....	4:20	1:40		1:25
Cleveland.....	4:30	1:50		1:35
Grafton.....	4:45	2:05		1:50
Ellettsville.....	4:55	2:15		2:00
Shelby.....	5:05	2:25		2:10
Patterson.....	5:15	2:35		2:20
Grafton.....	5:25	2:45		2:30
Cleveland.....	5:35	2:55		2:40
Grafton.....	5:50	3:10		2:55
Ellettsville.....	6:00	3:20		3:05
Shelby.....	6:10	3:30		3:15

